the incident of which you were speak. his lada a value in . . . ing, but also as to" - He paused.

complete his sentence. "You mean your secret interview just tographers in making do-the night with Dupuy and the attorney for

the Lansing" counsel caution.

"Yes, yes." "Lansing Iron corporation?" contin-

phone.

"Yes. Will this sum, paid in band, induce you to forget all not only that Incident, but also



want us to let up on you all around?" "Precisely." "Then that

understood." "You will make Disputy is the may confidence. for me in writing to that effect a re-

point, so to speck? He pushed a pad toward the man aging editor.

"All right correlaty," agreed Brand. trking up a pen, The judge began to congentuate himself on the case with with he was

"This is all more businessifice," he But Brand gave how another shock

handling the young man.

when he said:

"Yes: I'll draw it up in duplicate. Each of us will keep a copy signed."

filled the torre and one of a const Brand helped the would be briber to with the charling the conthe smoke of the position used to place

A pang of terror shad throng to the craven heart of the would be briller. The visitor raised his hand warning. He started back in his alarm, his oyes ly at Brand's loud tones, as though to almost blinded by the unexpected flood of light that had subsided as quickly as it had come.

"My God! What is that?" he eried. ued Brand, heading close to the tele. Irubbing the back of one of his hands

across his eyes. Wheeler Brand, who had risen in his place at his desk when the Judge had finished counting the money, set his face into hard, mayfelding lines as the judge besought him to speak, to explain. He had won. He had completely at his mercy this cold, crafts berrayer of the public trust lie had swern to hold sacred. And it was with unmistakable triumph in his voice that he gave the reply that was to be impristed on the brain of the false judge as long as he was to livea reply that would haunt bim while awake and awake him when he slept: "It is a picture of you la stripes.

Judge Bartelmy," re announced. The judge, realizing that he had been tribked that he had been photo- cheek rested on the cool polished sura memorandum graphed in the very act of handing face bribe money to the warranging editor of of mind for a man whose complete for the girl be loved. social and professional rule and become suddenly immirent. He rushed across the room at the point where the flasti occurred, hoping to obtain hold of the camera and destroy the plate. Owing to the pall of smoke he had been unable to see hist in what manner the camera had been arranged. But when he reached the side of the room there was no camera to be seen, only a round hole extending through the partition into the next room and from which the camera had been re-



"You count the money, judge." spread his arms on his desk and bowed his head between them until his

"Judith, Judith!" he sobbed, and his the Advance-displayed rare presence body shook uncontrolledly as he wept

CHAPTER XII.

IDNICATT in the rooms of a

leading stally paper in a big city is not a time when peaceful sumber is in order for ness of producing the paper. It is the time when trained brains and trained of their capacity to get the very latest news into shape, into type, into the press, into the mail wagons and "on the street."

And it is in the composing room where the brunt of the builte is borne in the final hours in which is completed the record of a world's doings and undoings for a day. Masses of "copy" swirl upward in the tubes or are carried in by boys from the city editorial story like this or to keep us from room. The typesetting machines click, doing it to them. lick, click, in unceasing monotony, and the proofreaders scan columns of 'green proofs" with a rapidity, when under pressure, that would amaze the uninitiated observer. The "makeup" men cluster around the cumbersome tables or "stones" on which the forms are made up, tifting in the metal lines of type here, making corrections or shifting cuts there and tocking the forms to be shunted into the stereotype room, where the paper matrices will be made. When the matrix is placed in the casting box the molten stereotype metal is poured in, and within a very few minutes the cylindrical places, bardened quickly in the casting box by the pouring of cold water into the jacket, are locked on the cylinders of the gigantic duodecuple press and ready to whirl off over 100 copies of a paper per second, all printed, pasted, folded and counted.

Midnight in the offices of the Advance on the night that Judge Bartelmy's photograph was taken with \$10,-900 of bribe money in his hands found the staff of the paper in all departments working as probably they had never worked before, except on election night. The story required considerable time for preparation. The notes of Howard and Jeff, the two reporters who recorded the conversation of Brand and Bartelmy, had to be translated from shorthand into English. Then an introduction and a head had to be written, and the art department had to break all previous records in turning out a cut made from the photograph resulting from

the flashlight. In the composing room men were working like galley slaves to get the great Bartelmy exposure story into type and into the forms. The composing room in the Advance building was a "double decker"-i. e., a second story had been built in the rear part of the room to accommodate the proofreaders. This second story was really snew that he would not be beaten un- but a half story, extending out over spreading forth to all the world the the walls were partitions, the lower half of wood and the upper balf of

On the lower floor the linotype machines were set in rows. A steam table "You have gone to all your trouble bouned on one side. On another fable, containing matter for the night's ediof the room a wooden partition shut off the small office that the managing editor used at made when he superinhe \$10,000 in bills, which lay scatter | tended the makeup proceedings, A door opened into this small room from

ing from the hall into the composing room itself. At the opposite end of the compartment a door opened into the composing room. In his small inchange Brand, the managing editor, had a desk and a telephone. Adjoin ing the partition, which shut him off from the composing room and on the outside of it, was a desk used by the copy cutters, who cut the pages of manuscript after they had been pasted together-into "takes." A take is one of the sections into which a story a hand to hand struggle with the is cut, so that several compositors can young athletic editor for possession of work on different parts of the same the money. Besides, he must see No- latery simultaneously, resulting in the lan-must see him at once. That was a ving of considerable time in setting

The typesetting machines clicked off rapidly the words, sentences and paragraphs of the Bartelmy "beat" and the other stories which had to be crowded into the "mail edition." Brand was in his little room at the right, er? I want to speak to father. I'm reading the proof of the introduction at the Advance office. Hell's breaking of the account of the accusation of the loose here, and I want him to come United States judge, which introduc- down quick. Isn't be there? Where tion he had chosen to write himself, is he? Expecting him any minute? Oh! McHenry, the deposed managing editor and now Brand's assistam, was at the forms with the makeup men.

Henry. The busy comes squared as it and waved the boy to one side: "Why do they seed us this based may when we've got a tive one?" he said

Downs came in from the city room. "That Clinton street fire is getting better every minute," he said to Me-Henry. "We ought to have at least four columns on it."

disgustral).

A lary rushed in wall a vail at a New

McHenry glared at the speaker. "Are you crazy, man?" he exclaimed, Do you think we use rubber type?

You'll have to keep it in three." Downs was dissatished. "All right. This shop is going to the d-1." he answered, shaking his head "Jump in a taxe and me room, but I've negatively. He went out of the com-

posing room. makeup stones.

"Where are the cuts for the Chicago and Bryan Jump heads? I can't find a prose poem on a dance half suicide." them anywhere," he asked.

the makeup men.

"All right. They go there." He pointed to a space in one of the forms as heard outside. a boy handed him another cut. Me Henry held it up to the light and buttaid it proudly on the managing edi- looked up tor's desk.

Brand.

McHenry agreed. "Yest you can almost count the money in old Barteimy's name!" ne exclaimed, and he peered closely once more at the metal slab.

Brand meditated a moment. "I'm going to change the makeup on

those who are concerned in the busis that page," he decided. "I'm this cut at the top of the page, so that when the papers are folded on the newshands are exerted to the extreme limit stands every one that passes by will see Bartelmy offering a oribe of \$10,-600 to suppress the truth about himself. is your story all up yet?" "Yes. It's in the form."

"Then go finish it off and send it down to the stereotyping room."

McHenry turned away. "Won't this make the l'atriot sick?" he said as he left. "They'd give the shirts off their backs to beat us on a

As McHenry went out of the door nto the composing room Sylvester Notan dashed into Brand's room from the hall through the other door. The ind was pininty excited, his face showing an amount of animation that, for him, was a decided novelty. His eyes flashed and his breath came in short gasps, indicating that he had been burrying.

"Where's by father, Mr. Brand? Where is he?" he gasped.

Brand suspected something of the Notan son's errand. "I'm afraid you'll have to find him,"

was the only information he chose to impart. Young Nolan drew close to the desk

at which the immuging editor was working. "Judge Bartelmy wants him," he ex-

claimed. "The judge, the judge! Don't you understand? "Does he?" asked Brand with ut-

most unconcern.

Sylvester grew impatient at his father's employee who dared assume indifference toward his father's only a "I want to know where he is," he demanded.

"Well, I can't tell you." Brand rose and stepped away, with Sylvester following him "I understand that you are going to oublish something about the judge

that's beyond the limit," said the son "Possibly."



"That ent is a wonder, Mac."

mapped Sylvester. "In the absence of Brand. sy father I forbid it. Do you hear?" Brand took up a bundle of preofs and moved to the door

"I'm afraid I can't take orders from you," he said, and he stepped calmly out into the composing room.

Sylvester, nonplused, looked about uncertainty for a moment. Then, with Brand in matter of fact tones. a sudden thought, he went to the telephone.

He placed the receiver at his ear,

please." An office boy entered, "What Jenks!" He spoke feverishly. do you mean by trying to prevent me

"My orders." "You're discharged" The boy grin-

ned amusedly and harried out. "Hello! Hello!" continued Svivester at the telephone. "Is this you, moth-Jump in a taxi

and come down,

receiver and teax the buildtrig. Downs and Brand entered the

right. Good?"

little room. "There is a big

nre in Clinton | Pearl street." street, the former said. "Mc-Henry won't give

come down got to have it." "That's P. The good stuff always McHenry went over to one of the comes in hunches," said Brand, showing his disgust. "What else you got?" "Your cub, Powell, just came in with

"Let's see it." The managing editor

"Here they are," answered one of looked at the story, smiling broadly as he did so, "Send him in." The voice of Edward Dupuy was

"Is Mr. Brand in there?"

"Heret you can't go in there." a ried into Brand's other with it. He voice was heard in warning, and Brand

"Oh, yes, I can," was the cool re-

ghastliness of her existence. She knew "That's a wonder, Mac!" pronounced sponse, and Dupny warked in. "Brand,

"Get out or I'll throne pass and?"

sou print that picture of Judge Bartelmy and your paper's as good as dead." be threatened.

Brand smiled. "Oh, we'll try to struggle on."

"The whole thing was a dirry piece of trickery, and we can prove it. "Go ahead and prove it."

"We'll prove it was a taked picture," sparred the lawyer.

"What are you going to do? "Never mind what we'll do."

Impuy now delivered the prize threat the father whom she did not know. that he bad saved for use in the tast extremity, should it arise, and he was justified in assuming that it had arisen. "A temporary injunction would certointy issue in a case like this," he said sternly. "Til get one and close your shop.

"Sure: That's the thing: Get Bartelmy to issue one," suggested the managing editor sareastically.

"I will and put a stop to your game! This muck raking mania is sweeping the country like a disease, breeding undanen everywhere. Brand, this is your finish." He shook his fist violentiv.

Braner ramped up in anger and strode toward the lawyer lobbyist.

"Now, you get out of here or FR throw you out?" he announced hotly. "You will, will you? You just wait?" Dupuy backed slowly out of the door-WHY Brand bastened out into the com-

testing room.

"Mac, they're beginning to squirm already!" be cried.

"We'll make them squirm more in the morning." responded the night editor significantly.

B RAND, busily engaged in writmg the caption for the cut that was to reveal Bartelmy 1 in his true light, was interrupted once more this time by the eitrance of the greenish hued face of the poet reporter, Powell.

new seribe: "So you've covered a suicide?" said

"Powow's" eyes rolled wildly. He crasped his hands and his knees shook

in his horror at what he had learned. "Oh, yessir-a terrible sight! I shall are-e-e-a-m of it, sir! It would take a Dante to write of it. Oh, I"-

"What was this girl's name?" asked "Madeline."

"Madeline what?"

"Her anst asme." the poet asked "Hello! Hello! I'm Mr. Sylvester aczedly. "I guess I don't remember. Nolan, Get me the house on the wire. Oh, yes, it was Jenks Madeline

Brand picked up the poet's first from coming up here?" asked young newspaper story and began to read to In spite of the high pressure of events that aight in the Advance office, in mite of his ever present fear that Dur. telmy and Dupuy might in some way caught Brand's expression and whirled persuade Nolan to order the sensational bribery story killed, this many sided young man found the time to bether with the fantastic young poet reporter and his fantastic first article.

> "Madeline Jenks, eh?" commented story. Brand, turning over the pages, "Wen, the first place you mention her terme is on page 3."

He plucked off the first two pages

and threw them on the floor. Powell will your All winced painfully at the nerssacre of his first reportorial offspring. "Begin He hung up the there," said Brand. Fowell lunged downward to rescue his first two walked swiftly pages, but Brand kicked them away into the ball to from him. "Where'd she live?" he next asked.

Powerf clasped his hands and gazed plaintively at the ceiling.

"Over a chop sucy cafe, sir." "Number and street?"

"Two forty-three and a half West Brand threw away two more pages,

Powell watching him anxiously the while "Put that next. Here. Madeline Jenks," Brand began to write, "an in-

mate of 2431/2 West Pearl street. What did she do?"

She destroyed herself utterly?" the

new reporter wailed. Brand went on writing.

"Is she dead?"

"Yes, sir." "Shot and killed berself-when?"

"Tonight at 9 o'clock."

Brand wrote on.

'Last night at 9 o'clock. Why?" Powell answered very intensely; "Oh, she could no longer face the

Sile "She was weary of life in the

sticets" "I don't blame her," Brand commented to himself. He turned to Powell, "There's your story, Thirty words-you had 3,000. And remember the story of the creation was told in

600 words." Powell picked up the pages of his story which Brand had discarded and

walked dejectedly away. "Mac," Brand ordered, here's a dance hall snicide. I'm it with local

previties, will your Had Brand at this moment been able to see through the wall that separated the composing room from the hall be would have witnessed a sight that would have deprived him of some of the self possession that marked his present demeanor. A figure clad in an elaborate evening gown crept softly up the stairway, stood presolutely at the landing and then turned into the managing editor's office. Judith Bartelmy probably never looked more beautiful in her life than she did that night. A flush of excitement enhanced the soft alturement of her exquisite features, and the low cut neck of her siecveless gown completed a picture of feminine loveliness that, innocently enough on her part, was admirable adapted to the purpose Judge Barteimy had in his unprincipled mind when he sent her to the Advance office. You are my only hope," he had told her after Dupuy had at best failed to locate Nolan. "You must go and plead with Wheeler Brand or else I am ruined. Your father will be ruined absolutely.' At the sight of her father's emotion and yielding to the fervent pleadings of her only living parent she had willingly consented to undertake the mission. Unpleasant though she knew it would be, she believed it ner duty to stand by in his bour of dire need the father whom she loved.

As she entered the office and paused in conjecture as to just how she would proceed she heard footsteps burriedly ascending the stairs, and, withdrawing into a shadow in a corner, she saw Michael Nolan and Mrs Nolan cross the ball and disappear into the composing room.

"Thank heaven!" she murmured fervently. "They will stop this story. which father says is a horrible lie."



"You sent for me, sir?" asked the "Remember the story of the creation was

told in 600 words. has since said so from the depths of his soul-the shock that went through him when he saw Nolan, accompanied by his wife, making their way mward him on that memorable night.

McHenry was speaking when they entered.

"There is your first page, Brand," he was saying, "and it sends Bartelmy to state prison.

The managing editor gazed approvingly at the appearance of the page of type and the ent in the form as it bay exposed on one of the stones under a shaded electric light. He looked up to congratulate McHenry on the manner in which he had completed the makeup of the page when his jaw suddenly fell. His eyes took on an amazed stare. He was looking straight over the night editor's shoulder. McHenry about. Then he, too, saw the owner of the Advance and his wife draw near. The triumphant air with which the wife and mother sailed along by his side boded no good to Brand and his

Nolan paused in front of the form without looking at the contents at



"IT IS A PICTURE OF YOU IN STRIPES, JUDGE BARTELMY."

sery d'". He pushed the pad away. Brand glunged at the clock fixed the stall opposite bin.

"H's gerting late, judge," he warned. packet of his evening dress cont and Judge extracted as oblong on kag . Slipping off a rubber band that encircled it, he unwrapped the yellow paper and laid all the Advance appeared in the streets a portion of the composing room, and before him on the maintaing editor's

Litts, all of the \$500 denomination. Bosselmy started to count the money. tur he desisted and pushed the bills

ever reward Brand.

"Count it." he said "You comme by up five justices of the modificace of the probability of 12th

no et a time, and as he counted they he t ill them in mether pile. "Five hundred." he sold-"one these and three two thereand, twent near times (franciscul), thirty-five form themself for the thousand

Photo Is bolf of it," he remarked. Yes; that's \$5,000," assented Brand "Six thousand," said the judge, conchealing with bis task "seven that saind sovency-five - eight thousand."

"Might thousand dolburs," "green tiened: "Mine thousand," counted the judge "Nine thousand dollars" said Brand.

"Ten thousand dollars," the judge counted "Is that correct?" he apperied of the

the reply. That will wipe the slate clean between us. Brand held out his hand to take the money.

The judge picked up the pile of bilis.

compressed them with his hands and

extended the money across the desk. "Take it, Brand." he said. As the false judge said these words and stood with the money in his hands and held it out to the editor a loud explosion thrilled every nerve fiber in

"An har-hal". The jurist is not moved. He stood and gazed in disand and laughed. "You're a refet may. He knew now that he was at Brand. Well, well: youth will be the mercy of Brand and the Advance to a degree that he hardly dared to

stimute He turned around and walked back to the desk. Brand was still standing Barrishny restricted into the frields in his place, looking fixedly at the Bartelmy was not beaten yet. He

riesk a neat stack of crisp new bank story of his sharee, Shaking from head to foot in his glass windows. rage, he pounded the desk and cried

for nothing. I am going direct to Mr. an fronbound one, rested the galleys "Nolan's house, and he less than an-The judge leaved forward and began mour you will receive orders to kill tion of the paper. At the extreme left the rask. His bond was witten from that story that distardly pack of lieout withit to print."

Reard smit of culmity. He garbered

al on the desk where Bartelmy had brown them when he dashed for the the otter hall, close to a door open "I'll heep these as evidence." he said. When they have served their purpose we will return them to you, or mayis we will send them to the minority

only. That's who the money probably clongs to." Barteliny accepted the situation with crefeal composure for the three. He

speckhoiders in the Lansing Iron cem-

tow that he would have no chance it "Ten thousand dollars correct," was the most important matter to which it to

he should now attend. He walked deliberately to the closet and secured his hat and cont. He turned the key and went out of the

door leading to the outer leaf. As the judge disappeared Wheeler Brand sank heavily into his chair. He